Open Doors

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**Summary: **Five doors Travis and Wes go through together, and one window. Oneshot. 5+1.

**Warnings: **Fluff. Shameless relationship fluff. Travis meets a few major relationship milestones. Wes has cats. (But they're kind of Travis's cats now, too.)

**Disclaimer: **I neither own nor am affiliated with Common Law in any way.

This is the final installment of my Windows series. Thank you for sticking with me this far, and I hope you enjoy this final bit. Follows immediately after the end of 'Open Windows'.

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Open Doors

"_I feel very adventurous. There are so many doors to be opened, and I'm not afraid to look behind them."_

â€”_Elizabeth Taylor_

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1.

Travis has been on a lot of first dates before. It's not his best trait, but it's not something he's ashamed of, either. He can't help

itâ€”he likes people, and he likes going out with them, loves the thrill of meeting others and learning about them. And it's not just about sex, either, because while a good number of his dates end that way, not all of them do, and those dates are just as enjoyable.

Point is, he's been on a lot of first dates. He knows how these things work. And it takes him twenty minutes to realize that this date with Wes isn't following the script.

He looks up from a plate of nachos the size of his head and, just to clarify, says, "This is a date, right?"

Wes pauses, his burrito suspended in front of his mouth. (It's a burrito that's more rice-and-veggies than meat-and-cheese, which, why? What's the point of a burrito without all the good stuff?) "Of course it is," the blonde says slowly, brow furrowing. "Why wouldn't it be?"

"Justâ€¦" Travis waves a chip incoherently. "This is kind of like every other night we've sat down and had dinner. Except, you know, we're out."

Wes is giving him a blank-faced look of mild incomprehension. "And?"

"And shouldn't it be _different?_" The chip-waving gets more emphatic. "Should it be more flirty-flirty and getting-to-know-you and justâ€¦_first date_-y?"

Wes lowers the burrito, incomprehension sliding into amusement. "What, like all the times you broke into my apartment, flirted with me, and we conversed about ourselves?"

"Right! Exactly!" The chip freezes in mid-air. "Oh my god, have we been dating this entire time? Because I totally wouldn't be surprised anymore."

He's stopped believing he can predict Wes's mind. It makes things interesting and keeps Travis coming back for more.

Wes just looks more and more amused. "If we were dating this entire time, we'd be doing all kinds of things that we aren't. So probably not." Which gets Travis's mind going to all _sorts_ of interesting places. The blonde continues, "Besides, what did you think would happen when we started dating? We've gotten all of that out of the way. I mean, we're already friends. We don't need the whole first-second-third date process for that."

Travis blinks. "That'sâ€¦huh." He sits back, thinks about it for a second. "I guess I've never dated someone I'm already friends with."

"Well, there you go." With that, Wes goes back to his burrito, and the conversation resumes as it was, though he does stretch his legs out under the table, hooking an ankle around Travis's.

Travis only pays half a mind to the conversation at hand, his brain running at full-throttle. He wants this to go on, he realizes. He wants a second date and a third date and everything else, because Wes

is interesting and amazing and quirky and, god, he just meshes so well with all of Travis's issues. Right from the first time he'd climbed through Wes's window, he'd known there was something special about Wes, no matter how drunk he'd been.

So he definitely doesn't want to do what he normally does, because what he normally does always ends way too quickly.

He wants a _relationship_, and every other time the possibility has come up, it's sent him running. Tonight, running is the last thing on his mind.

Wes is interesting, and Travis has spent months trying to get to this point. He's not going to fuck it up now by falling into the same patterns, not when he wants so much more for the first time in his life.

He's just not sure what the protocol is for dating someone who was already his friend. It's never happened before. Sure, he's _slept_ with people he's friendly with, but that's an entirely different thing. _Sleeping with_ and _dating_ have different connotations, and Travis definitely doesn't want to just sleep with Wes.

By the time dinner is over and they're walking back to Wes's place, Travis's nerves are dancing. He's supposed to be _good_ at this, but this entire date has been so different than what he's used to, and Wes has a way of defying expectations anyway. He really has no idea what to do next to make this end well and guarantee another date in the future.

They get to Wes's apartment, and Travis lingers. Travis, who has been on hundreds of first dates in his life, doesn't know what the next step is. Travis has slept with people on the first date before, but Wes doesn't seem the type. Only, they've sort of been flirting for months now, and this really didn't feel very first-date-ish even if it technically was, so do they just skip the usual steps or what?

This is Wes's show, Travis decides, and it has been for a while, ever since Wes decided to play a game without letting Travis in on it. _Wes_ gets to decide how far they go tonight, because Travis wants this too much to risk it.

The blonde plucks at the hem of his jacket, clearing his throat. "Do you want to come in? Properly, for once."

"Would I like to come in," Travis repeats slowly, as though that will help him suss out any hidden meaning in Wes's words.

"Yeah, you know. Forâ€¦coffee, or something."

"Coffee?" Despite all his good intentions, Travis just can't help himself, and a slow grin crosses his lips. "Is that what we're calling it now?"

Wes gives him a flat, not-even-a-little-amused look. "Do you want to come in or not?"

"Absolutely." Travis opens his mouth while Wes pulls out his keys. Then he snaps his mouth shut.

Wes's eyes narrow suspiciously. "What?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me."

Travis hums and pulls a face. "I was going to say something about putting out on the first date. But then I thought about it, and I reconsidered."

The blonde rolls his eyes, pushing open the door. "I applaud your restraint. After you."

Instead, Travis laces his fingers in Wes's and pulls them both through the door, where they're greeted by two cats who are highly annoyed at being left alone so long, and Travis feels a smile stretch across his face.

This is good. Maybe he shouldn't worry so much.

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2.

"You know we're going to be late, right?"

Wes glowers at him suspiciously. "Since when did you ever care about being on time?"

Travis grins and leans against the counter. "Oh, I don't. I just know it's gonna drive you batty if we're not on time."

"It's just Paekman's party." Wes pulls on oven mitts and reaches into the oven, checking the dish. "He'll have people trailing in for an hour. It's fine."

"But I know you." Travis keeps his distance, because he's learned not to get in Wes's way in the kitchen, but the aroma of seven-layer chip dip fills the room and makes his mouth water. "The email said five. If we're not there right at five, it'll eat at you and pick at your brain all night _long_â€”"

Wes clacks a pair of tongs threateningly. "You. Shut up."

Travis laughs and holds his hands up in surrender. "Yeah, yeah, big scary man with kitchen tongs. I'll leave you be." He retreats across the room to the couch. As soon as he's seated, Batman leaps up and puddles into his lap. Wes nods in satisfaction and goes back to his concoction of deliciousness.

It's another ten minutes before Wes declares the dip cooked to satisfaction, and they are officially three minutes late. Travis doesn't say anything, but he sees Wes scowling at the clock, and he bites back a grin.

"Get the tortilla chips," Wes orders, carefully picking up the casserole dish with a pair of potholders. Travis gives Batman a goodbye scratch behind the ears and obliges.

"Are you ready for this?" he asks, helpfully locking the door behind them.

Wes shoots him a questioning look. "Ready for what?"

"For _this?_" Travis gestures to the hall, encompassing the party and Paekman's apartment and the dish in Wes's hands. "We're going to a party. Together. A party full of our friends, and we're going in together." He sighs dreamily. "Our first party as a couple. What a milestone."

If Wes's hands weren't full, Wes would totally elbow him in the ribs. "It's not that big of a deal."

"Oh, sure," Travis says airily, gesticulating with the chips. "It's just all of our friends, and our first real official appearance as a couple, and everyone will make judgements and decide whether you're good enough for me."

Wes gives him a smile and says, saccharine sweet, "It's okay to be nervous, Travis."

"What? No, that'sâ€”_I'm_ not nervous."

"Uh-huh." They pause in front of 3-G, and this time Wes's smile is warmer, reassuring. "It's fine. I like you, and I want our friends to know. So it'll all be fine."

Travis's throat tightens a little on the words, but he manages to spit them out. "I like you too."

"Good." Wes nods with his head; Travis knocks. "Then it'll all be just fine."

The door opens with Paekman's enthusiastic greeting. Travis wraps his palm around Wes's elbow and breams as they step inside.

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3.

"What are youâ€¦?" Wes stops himself mid-sentence and shakes his head. "No, you know what? I'm not even surprised anymore."

"Really?" Travis lolls his head on the arm of the couch, grinning at his boyfriend. "That's a shame. Surprises keep the romance alive. I'll have to come up with something new now."

Wes rolls his eyes, pulling the front door shut behind him. "I need to get better security on that thing," he grumbles, scowling at the window.

"Wouldn't help," Travis chirps cheerfully. "I used a key today."

That makes Wes pause again, hand going to his keys in his pocket. "Not my keyâ€¦"

"Nope. The spare at Paekman's. I climbed through Paekman's window,"

he admits, to which Wes just shakes his head again, a smile tugging at his lips.

"Speaking of keys," he says, setting his stuff down on the counter. "I need you to housesit this weekend."

Travis sits up, resting his chin on the arm of the couch. "Another conference?"

"_Family,"_ Wes answers, in a tone that says everything Travis needs to know. Travis wisely doesn't ask.

"Feed the cats?" Travis scritches Batman's head between the ears. "I can do that."

"And water the plants," Wes calls, voice trailing over from the bedroom.

Travis raises an eyebrow. "Really? I mean, the cats are one thing. You really trust me with your plants?"

"It's not that hard, Travis," Wes says, full of a level of scorn Travis is sure only Wes can pull off. "Just water them when you feed the cats. I'll even leave you a note to remind you."

Travis lays back down, picking up Batman's feet and wiggling them. "Well, that doesn't sound so bad. I guess I can handle that."

"Good." Wes emerges, dressed in jeans and a plain white tee. Normally at this point, he'd go to the kitchen and start making dinner, and with a lot of grumbling and amused exasperation would make enough for two.

Today, he detours to the couch and says, "Hold out your hand."

Without hesitation, Travis does. Wes reaches out and drops something small and cold into his palm, then heads right to the kitchen like normal.

Travis looks at his hand. He swallows and closes his fingers. "Wes," he says carefully, "What's this?"

"It's a key, dumbass," Wes snaps, but he's studiously not looking in Travis's direction so he's probably a lot more flustered than he's letting on.

Travis looks at the tiny piece of metal in his hand. Wes gave him a _key_, which meansâ€¦ His throat goes tight just thinking about it. "Your key?"

Wes's back is still turned, but Travis can all too clearly hear those pretty blue eyes rolling. "No, Travis, I gave you the key to Paekman's place. Of _course_ it's my key, idiot." He shrugs, still much too interested in what he's working with. "I figured it'd be easier than climbing through the window all the time. Or stealing Paekman's spare."

"Borrowed," Travis corrects. "I only _borrowed_ Paekman's spare." He

continues to stare at the key as he rises from the couch, carefully dislodging Batman from his lap. He slides up behind Wes, wrapping his arms around the blonde's waist. "Is this key for me?"

Wes, who is wiping glasses down with the focus typically reserved for bomb diffusion, says, "If you want it."

"Uh-huh." Travis rests his chin on Wes's shoulder. "And do I have to give it back when you return?"

Wes's hands pause. "Not if you don't want to," he says slowly.

Travis feels giddy. Wes is _giving him a key._ This is a milestone he's never reached with any of the other people he's dated. And Wes is giving it to _Travis_, whose first impression, let's be honest, wasn't exactly stellar. Dating the guy who broke into your home is wacky enough, but giving him a _key_â€¦

Travis doesn't quite know how to quantify this feeling in his chest, but he likes it. It's bubbly and floaty, like the best champagne, and he's so lucky he climbed through Wes's window all those months ago.

"Come on," he declares, spurred by enthusiasm and that emotion he can't (won't) name (not just yet). He grabs Wes's hand and drags him into the hall, slamming the door behind them.

"If this is the wrong key, I'm gonna make you climb through the window first," he warns.

Wes rolls his eyes. "Why would I possibly give you the wrong key, Travis?"

Travis doesn't answer, just slides the key into the lock and turns it. It moves smoothly, the door swinging open under his hand.

He does it again, for the novelty of it, and simply because he can.

"If you've entertained yourself enoughâ€¦"

Travis grins at Wes. "Shut up. This is a big moment. We've totally reached a milestone here." To which Wes flushes and crosses his arms and tries not to look completely embarrassed by this.

Travis's smile softens as he pushes the door open one last time. He pulls Wes close, stepping into the apartment, and when he brings them together for a kiss, he murmurs a gentle, "Thank you," against Wes's mouth.

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4.

"Thanks for all this," Wes says, cat carrier bumping against his hip. "It's a lot easier when I don't have to make two trips."

"Hey, if I can't take my boyfriend's cats to the vet for their annual checkup, then what kind of a man am I?" Travis shifts the second

carrier to his other hand, digging for his key. (_His_ key! He still can't get over that.) "Think they're gonna be okay?" The entire time in the car, the two cats had howled like they were being skinned, but they'd fallen silent when they arrived at the building.

Wes chuffs dryly. "Oh, don't worry. The trauma will pass."

Travis gives him a questioning look, but turns his key and pushes the door open. Wes follows him in, and Travis waits until the door is firmly closed before he sets the carrier down and opens the little metal door.

Batman leaps out like her tail is on fire. She pauses just long enough to give Travis a look of complete, utter betrayal before streaking to the far corners of the apartment. Robin is right behind her.

"I should mention," Wes says blandly, "they'll hate you for about three days before acting like this never happened."

The look Travis gives Wes matches Batman's for sheer, horrified betrayal. "Why didn't you say something? I wouldn't have done it then! Baby, come back!" He heads into the apartment, following the path the two cats took.

Thirteen minutes later, Travis slumps on the table, defeated. "Those two know all the nooks and crannies better than I ever will."

"Of course they do, they're cats." Wes sets a glass of iced tea in front of him. "They'll have to find new hiding spots in the new place."

Travis lifts his head, peering at the blonde. "You're moving?"

"Thinking about it." Wes opens the fridge, frowning into it as though he doesn't already know every single item inside. "My lease is up in a couple of months, and it'd be nice to get a place closer to work."

"Oh." Travis is surprised; this is the first he's heard of it. "That's cool."

Wes hums. "I found a nice place, ten minutes closer to downtown. Pet-friendly, three bedrooms. It's on the second floor, so the window is even easier to access than this one. There's a community pool and a gym." He pulls out a stalk of celery, studying it with more concentration than a vegetable ever deserved. "It's big enough for two people."

"You're gonna get a roommate?" Travis props his chin on his hands.

Wes gives him a flat look.

There are many words that can describe Travis, but slow on the uptake isn't generally one of them. His eyes widen. "Oh. That'sâ€¦really?"

The celery becomes the most interesting thing in the world. "You're

the over here all the time anyway. And if we live together, you get permanent access to the cats."

"Definitely a plus."

"It's just a thought." Wes shrugs and returns to celery to the fridge. "You don't have to, if you don't want to."

Something nervous and skittish runs down Travis's spine. Travis knows that feeling. It normally means he's feeling trapped and cornered, and he wants to run. This is about the time he'd back off and politely end things.

But Travis, for perhaps the first time in his life, doesn't want to run when things get serious. Since the first time he climbed through Wes's window, Travis has been intrigued. He doesn't want to stop learning about Wes just because he's a little scared.

Plus. Permanent access to the cats.

"We should check it out."

Wes pauses, looking like he can't quite believe his ears. "Really?"

"Sure." Travis props his chin on his hands and smiles. "I think I'd like living together."

Something nervous and skittish runs down his spine. Travis thinks it feels like anticipation.

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5.

It's a nice apartment. Bigger than Wes's current place, and bigger still than Travis's trailer. Three bedrooms, two baths, and a gorgeous kitchen with a massive island that probably had Wes drooling the moment he stepped through the door.

There are built-in bookshelves in the living room and a decorative mantel the cats will love and the main window faces the back of the complex and is right over a tiny little awning, creating a perfect ingress, should he so desire to enter that way.

It's a great little apartment. Travis can totally see Wes settling in and thriving.

But, even more telling, Travis can see _himself_ living here, filling the spaces that Wes doesn't claim. And he thinks he could be comfortable here. Oh, Wes probably has some hidden habits that will drive Travis crazy, and vice versa, butâ€¦yeah. He thinks they could probably make this work.

He's quiet a long time. He's making Wes nervous, he knows he is, but he wants to take his time, truly sit down and envision himself here. He doesn't want to rush this. It's a major step, moving in together, and if he's not ready, it could ruin things completely, faster than if they stay in separate spaces.

The fifth time Travis circles the mantle, Wes clears his throat, fingers tapping on the island. "If you don't like it, we could find something else. Or, you know, if you don't evenâ€”I'm not pushing you into anything, here. It was just an idea."

And in this moment, Travis feels an absurd rush of affection for this man, stronger than anything he's felt for any of his other relationships. Nothing's ever been this strong. He's never wanted anything more. Just like that he decides.

"I think," he says slowly, crossing the room. He reaches across the island, wrapping his hands around Wes's. "â€¦thatâ€¦the cats are going to love that mantle. And I'm going to love the cats up there."

A smile curls Wes's lips up, and his eyes shine. "Is that so?"

"That is definitely so." Travis moves around the corner, wrapping Wes into his arms. "You made a good choice, babe."

He leans in, drawing them together, promising with his lips all the wonderful things they'll be able to do once the apartment is theirs.

They pull away, and Travis isn't the only one out of breath. He tucks his arm into Wes's heading for the door. "So it's been a while since I've done this whole apartment thing," he declares as they step through the door. "Remind me how this goesâ€¦"

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+1.

The apartment is empty when he gets home, which isâ€¦a little odd. He was fairly certain Wes was supposed to get home before him today, and Wes had asked him to come back without stopping, in the tone that said _This is important, don't ignore me like you do when I'm trying to get you to help with errands._

Stepping carefully in case of cats, Travis looks around for a note. Wes is pretty good about leaving notes. He's fastidious like that.

He's on his way to the bedroom, checking the island for any sign that Wes has even been here yet, when he hears a noise from the window. Just a faint rattle. Instantly, Travis goes from puzzled to alert. He slides across the floor, hugging the wall so he can't be seen from the window.

The noise repeats, a little louder this time, a rattle like someone is shaking the window. Slowly, Travis pulls his gun out of the holster, holding it down by his leg, as he moves along the wall.

Robin is sitting on the sill, watching outside with the interest he usually reserves for birds and squirrels. At the same time, there's a loud 'whunk', someone hitting the windowpane and a muffled, angry voice Travis recognizes.

He relaxes, sliding his gun back into place. Shoving Robin to the

floor (which earns him a dirty catty look that promises retribution later), he unlocks the window and slides the sash up.

Grinning, Travis folds his arms on the sill, leaning out the window. "What _are _you doing?"

Wes, carefully balanced on the little awning below the window, scowls. "It was supposed to be unlocked."

"Sorry, babe, but it wasn't unlocked."

"Yes, I can _see_ that." He makes a motion with his hand. "Are you going to let me in?"

Travis resolutely does not move, grin spreading across his face. "Did you forget your keys?"

Wes sputters. "Did Iâ€”_no_, I did not forget my keys. I'm not _you_."

"Uh-huh." Travis props his chin on his hand and even more resolutely doesn't move. "Then whatcha doin'?"

The blonde flushes, so it promises to be good. "I'll tell you if you let me in."

"Tell me first and then I'll let you in."

"I'll climb back down."

"No you won't, or you would have done it already. Just tell me, man."

Wes's flush deepens. "I hate you," he grumbles in that tone that says _I really love you but god I want to punch you in the face sometimes._ Travis waits, and his patience is rewarded; Wes exhales in exasperation and snaps, "I'm keeping the romance alive, okay?"

Travis snorts a laugh. "What?"

"Like Romeo and Juliet, or something." Wes's eyes narrow, and he glares at Travis. "You have no idea what today is, do you?"

"Should I?" Travis asks innocently.

Wes's face drops in a vaguely _I shouldn't have expected anything else _expression. "It'sâ€¦nevermind, will you just let me in?"

"It's our anniversary, right?" Travis can't help but laugh as Wes goes from dumbfounded to annoyed in 0.3 seconds.

"If you knew, then whyâ€¦? No. You know what, I'm not even surprised." He reaches behind him, thrusts a neat bundle of roses at Travis. "Seriously, let me in already."

Travis eyes the chocolate roses appreciatively. "I see we've learned from the geranium incident." Travis is no longer trusted with living plants. But chocolateâ€¦he can handle flowers much better if they're made of chocolate.

Wes shifts, gripping the edge of the window. "If you don't let me in, I won't be able to make dinner."

"I do like dinner." Travis feints like he's moving aside, and when Wes leans forward Travis pulls him close and kisses him.

He can feel Wes's annoyance melting away, and despite the fact he's currently perched outside his own window, Wes returns the kiss with gusto.

When they part, Travis doesn't go far. "Happy anniversary," he mumbles, cupping the side of the blonde's head.

"Yeah," Wes breathes, and leans in for another kiss.

He presses their foreheads together when they pull apart a second time. "Of all the windows I could have climbed through drunk," he breathes, "I'm glad it was yours.

Wes rolls his eyes and pushes him aside so he can climb in, and Travis just laughs.

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And here it is! The conclusion to this ridiculously self-indulgent series. I loved how it turned out and I loved all the different parts and I hope you did too! To think, this all spawned with a single idea in my tags on a tumblr prompt. Funny how things happen, haha. Anyway, thanks for hanging out with me till now, and I hope you enjoyed it, because I had so much fun writing this entire series. Let me know what you thought! Comments, reviews, and constructive criticism are always welcome!

Until next time~!

End
file.